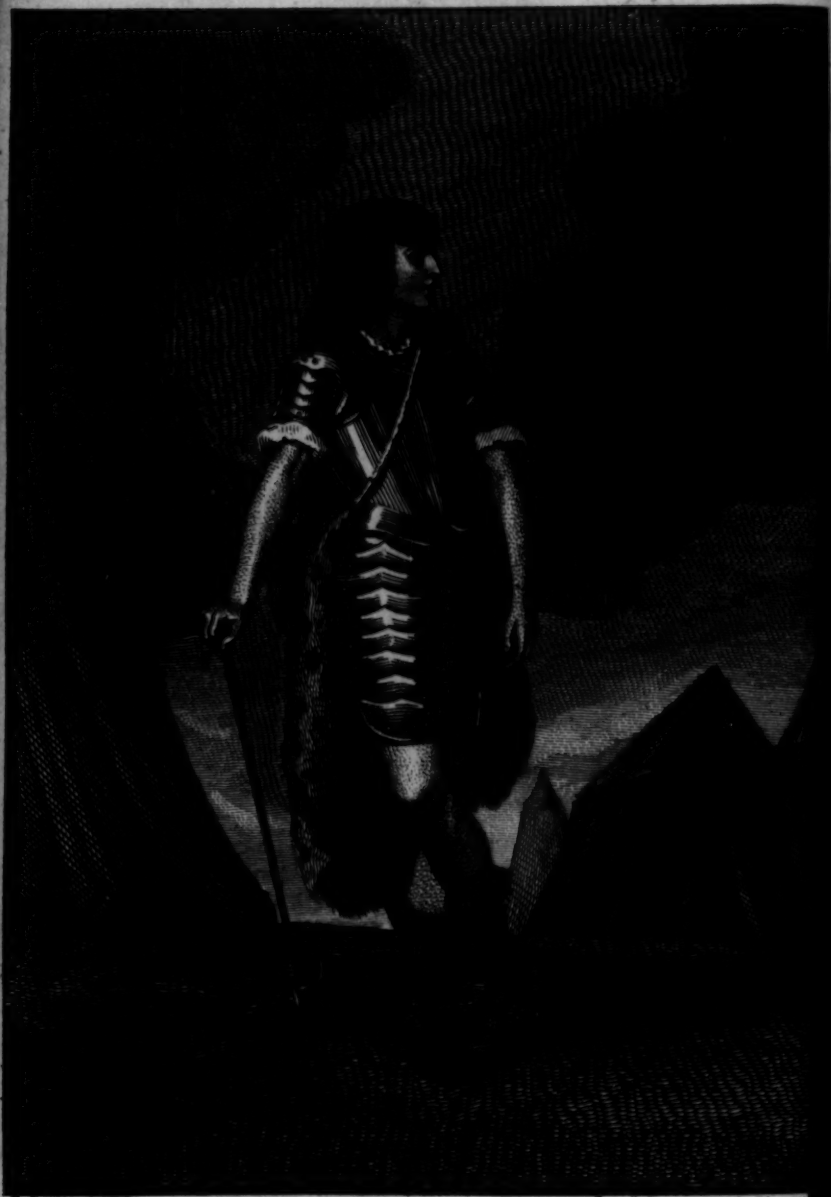




Roberts del.

Audinet sc.

MASTER DE CAMP as HENGO.

Hengo. Why I dare fight with these!

London. Printed for G. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand. Feb. 3d. 1795.

BONDUCA.

(2)

A

TRAGEDY.

ALTERED FROM

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

And adapted to the Stage,

By GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

MDCCXCVI.

2

SONNETS

BY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE REV. J. H. STODOLSKY

AND

THE REV. J. H. STODOLSKY

AND

LONDON:

Published by the
General Managers, The British Museum

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was the son of Francis Colman, Esq. his Majesty's Resident at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, by a sister of the late Countess of Bath. He was born at Florence, and had the honour of having the late King George II. whose name he bears, for his godfather. He received his education at Westminster-school, where he very early shewed his poetical talents. The first performance by him is a Copy of Verses addressed to his cousin Lord Pulteney, written in the year 1747, while he was at Westminster, and since printed in the St. James's Magazine, a work published by his unfortunate friend Robert Lloyd.

From Westminster-school he removed to Oxford, and became a Student of Christ Church. It was here at a very early age, he engaged with his friend Bonnel Thornton, in publishing *The Connoisseur*, a periodical paper which appeared once a week, and was continued from January 31, 1754, to September 30, 1756.

When the age of the writers of this entertaining paper is considered, the wit and humour, the spirit, the good sense and shrewd observations on life and manners, with which it abounds, will excite some de-

gree of wonder, but will, at the same time, evidently point out the extraordinary talents which were afterwards to be more fully displayed in the *Jealous Wife*, and the *Clandestine Marriage*.

At the recommendation of his friends, or his choice, but probably the former, induced him to fix upon the Law for his profession; and he accordingly was entered of Lincoln's-Inn, and in due season called to the bar. He attended there a very short time, though if our recollection does not mislead us, he was seen often enough in the Courts to prevent his abandoning the profession merely for want of encouragement. It is reasonable, however, to suppose, that he felt more pleasure in attending to the Muse than to Briefs and Reports; and it will, therefore, excite no wonder that he took the earliest opportunity of relinquishing pursuits not congenial to his taste. Apollo and Littleton (says Wycherley) seldom meet in the same brain.

On the 18th of March 1758, he took the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, and in the year 1760, his first dramatic piece, *Polly Honeycombe*, was acted at Drury-Lane, with great success. For several years before, the Comic Muse seemed to have relinquished the stage. No comedy had been produced at either theatre since the year 1751, when Moore's *Gil Blas* was with difficulty performed nine nights. At length, in the beginning of the year 1761, three different authors were candidates for public favour in the same walk, almost at the same time, viz. Mr. Murphy, who exhibited the *Way to Keep Him*; Mr. Macklin,

the Married Libertine ; and Mr. Colman, the Jealous Wife. The former and latter of these were most successful, and the latter in a much higher degree.— Indeed, when the excellent performances of Messrs Garrick, Yates, O'Brien, King, Palmer, Moody, with Mrs. Pritchard, Clive, and Miss Pritchard, are recollected, it would have shewn a remarkable want of taste in the Town not to have followed, as they did, this admirable piece with the greatest eagerness and perseverance.

On July 1764, Lord Bath died, and on that event Mr. Colman found himself in circumstances fully sufficient to enable him to follow the bent of his genius. The first publication which he produced, after this period, was a translation of the Comedies of Terence, in the execution of which he rescued that author from the hands of as tasteless and ignorant a set of writers as ever disgraced the name of translators. Whoever would wish to see the spirit of the ancient bard transfused into the English language, must look for it in Mr. Colman's version.

The successor of Lord Bath, General Pulteney, died in 1767, and Mr. Colman again found himself remembered in his Will, by a second annuity, which confirmed the independency of his fortune. He seems, however, to have felt no charms in an idle life ; as, in 1767, he united with Messrs Harris, Rutherford and Powell, in the purchase of Covent-Garden Theatre, and took upon himself the laborious office of Acting Manager. The differences which arose from this as-

sociation are too recent to be forgot, and the causes of them perhaps too ridiculous to be recorded.

After continuing Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre seven years, Mr. Colman sold his share and interest therein to Mr. Leake, one of his then partners, and in 1777, purchased of Mr. Foote the Theatre in the Hay-market. The estimation which the entertainments, exhibited under his direction, were held in by the public, the reputation which the Theatre acquired, and the continual concourse of the polite world, during the height of summer, sufficiently spoke the praises of Mr. Colman's management.

To sagacity in discovering the talents of his performers, he joined the inclination and ability to display them with every advantage. To him Mr. Henderson, Miss Farren, Mrs. Bannister, Miss George, Mrs. Wells, and, in some measure, Mr. Edwin (whose comic powers had been buried a whole season under Mr. Foote's management) besides some others, owed their introduction to a London audience.

Notwithstanding Mr. Colman's close attention to the Theatre at this time, he did not entirely neglect his classical studies, but gave the public a new translation and commentary on Horace's Art of Poetry, in which he produced a new system to explain this very difficult Poem.

Besides the Dramatic Works of Mr. Colman, and those we have already mentioned, he was the author of a Preface to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, a Dissertation prefixed to Massinger, a series of

papers in the St. James's Chronicle under the title of The Genius, and many other fugitive pieces.

At the close of the Theatrical Season of 1785, Mr. Colman was seized at Margate with the palsy, and at the beginning of the season of 1789, first shewed symptoms of derangement of his mind, which increasing gradually, left him in a state of idiotism.— On this occasion the concluding lines of his friend Churchill's Epistle to Hogarth, will naturally intrude themselves on our readers attention:

“ Sure 'tis a curse which angry fates impose
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humbled genius feel,
In their last hour to view a Swift and Steele!
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest,
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night.
Are men, indeed, such things? And are the best
More subject to this evil than the rest,
To drivel out whole years of ideot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought! but not to be deny'd.
With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.”

In this sad state he was committed to the care of a person at Paddington, and the management of the Theatre entrusted to his son, with an allowance of 600*l.* a year.

Mr. Colman died on the 14th of August 1794, at the age of 62, at Paddington. A few hours before his death he was seized with violent spasms, which were succeeded by a melancholy stupor, in which he drew his last breath.

The following is a list of this Gentleman's Dramatic Pieces, *viz.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Polly Honeycombe. D. N. 1760. 8vo. | 15. Comus. M. altered. 1772. 8vo. |
| 2. The Jealous Wife. C. 1761. 8vo. | 16. Achilles in Petticoats. O. altered, 1774. 8vo. |
| 3. The Musical Lady. F. 1762. 8vo. | 17. The Man of Business. C. 1774. 8vo. |
| 4. Philaster. T. altered, 1763. 8vo. | 18. Epicœne; or, The Silent Woman. C. altered 1776. 8vo. |
| 5. The Deuce is in him. F. 1763. 8vo. | 19. The Spleen; or, Islington Spa. C. P. 1776. 8vo. |
| 6. A Midsummer's Night Dream. Altered, 1763. 8vo. | 20. Occasional Prelude. 1776. 8vo. |
| 7. A Fairy Tale. 1764. 8vo. | 21. New Brooms. O. P. 1776. 8vo. |
| 8. The Clandestine Marriage. C. 1766. 8vo. | 22. The Spanish Barber. C. 1777. N. P. |
| 9. The English Merchant. C. 1767. 8vo. | 23. The Female Chevalier. C. altered, 1778. N. P. |
| 10. King Lear. T. altered 1768. 8vo. | 24. Bonduca. T. altered, 1778. 8vo. |
| 11. The Oxonian in Town. C. 1769. 8vo. | 25. The Suicide. C. 1778, N. P. |
| 12. Man and Wife. C. 1769. 8vo. | 26. The Separate Maintenance. C. 1779. N. P. |
| 13. The Portrait. B. 1770. 8vo. | 27. The Manager in Distress. Prel. 8vo. 1780. |
| 14. The Fairy Prince. M. 1771. 8vo. | |

Also a translation of the Comedies of Terence, 4to. 1765.

These pieces have considerable merit. In his *petite pieces* the plots are simple, and no great matter of incident introduced into them; yet they contain strong character, and are aimed at the ridiculing of fashionable and prevailing follies, which ought to be made essential points of consideration in every production of the sock. His more regular Comedies have the same merit with the others as to the preservation of character, which reflect honour on the author; and afford us the prospect of an ample contribution from this quarter to the variety of our dramatic entertainments of this more difficult kind.

Dramatis Personæ.

HAY-MARKET.

Men.

CARATACH,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Digges.
HENGO,	-	-	-	-	Master Edwin.
HENNIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Usher.
SUETONIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Gardner.
PENIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
PETILLIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
JUNIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lamash.
DEMETRIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
DRUSIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Griffin.
CURIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Egan.
DECIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Davis.
MACER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Massey.
JUDAS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Parsons.

Women.

BONDUCA,	-	-	-	Miss Sherry.
First DAUGHTER,	-	-	-	Mrs. Massey.
Second DAUGHTER,	-	-	-	Mrs. Greville.

Druids, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

The Music by Purcell.---Scene, Britain.



BONDUCA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Roman Camp. Enter JUNIUS and PETILLIUS.

Petillius.

WHAT ail'st thou, man? Dost thou want meat?

Jun. No.

Pet. Clothes?

Jun. Neither. For Heaven's love, leave me!

Pet. Drink?

Jun. You tire me.

Pet. Come, it is drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.

Jun. Pr'ythee, Petillius——

Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant
drink!

I see as fair as day, that thou want'st drink:
Did not I find thee gaping, like an oyster
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,

Like a low ebb ; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor ;
And all thy body's chap'd and crack'd like timber,
For want of moisture : what canst thou want, but
drink ?

Jun. You have too much on 't.

Pet. It may be, a wench too ; say it be ; come,
soldier,

'Thou shalt have both : a pretty valiant fellow,
Die for a little lap and roguery ?

Hear, thou noble Roman,

The son of her that loves a soldier,

Hear what I promised for thee, when thy mother
Sent thee to fight in Britain. Thus I said :

' Lady, I take thy son to my companion ;

' Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,

' The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,

' Which is the field of Mars, the camp of Venus ;

' These two beget commanders : Fear not, lady ;

' Thy son shall lead.'

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.

Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm's in drink ? in a good wholesome wench,
I do beseech you, sir, what error ? Yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,

But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no more
fooling;

The general has new wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.

Pet. 'None, I thank you!'

A short and touchy answer! 'None, I thank you?'
No company, no drink, no wench; 'I thank you?'
You shall be worse entreated, sir.

Jun. Petillius,

As thou art honest, leave me!

Pet. Yes; I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you, by your new surname
Of Junius, 'None, I thank you.' I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps! You're in love, I know it;
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

JUDAS, and three Soldiers, enter.

Judas. A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.

Pet. What ail these rascals?

1st Sold. If this hold, we're starv'd.

Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world
For officers, and men of action!)
For mine own part, I say, I'm starv'd already.

2d Sold. I'll fight no more.

Pet. You 'll hang then!

Ye dogs' heads in the porridge-pot! ye fight no more?
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pie-crust?

3d Sold. 'Would we had it!

Judas. I may do service, captain.

Pet. In a fish-market.

You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth? D' you hope to triumph?
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,
Clap a new soal to th' kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-
whelps,

You fight, or not fight?

Judas. Captain!

Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies!

How long is 't since thou eat'st last? Wipe thy mouth
And then tell truth.

Judas. I have not eat to th' purpose——

Pet. 'To th' purpose?' what's that? half a cow,
and garlick?

Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not:
Timber they can digest, and fight upon 't;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your
shoes, slaves;

Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves, if ye be valiant.
'To the purpose?' Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur?

Jun. Pray you, Petillius!

Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.

2d Sold. H' has drunk the more then.

Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.

Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange furmity,
Will feed you up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like fichoks: to him!

Judas. Captain——

Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?

Pet. See what mettle

It makes in him: Two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies the bold Briton, Caratach.

Judas. We do beseech you——

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves! your poor
starv'd spirits

Can make me no oblations; else, oh, Love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows!

Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir. [*Exit Junius.*]

Pet. So he does, sir;

Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
There's so much charge sav'd, and your hunger's
ended. [*Drum afar off.*]

Away! I hear the general. Jog, and talk not.

[*Exeunt Judas, and Soldiers.*]

SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, and Soldiers
enter.

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger dispatch'd
To Penius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment?

Dem. He is there by this time.

Suet. And are the horse well view'd we brought
from Mona?

Dec. The troops are full and lusty.

Suet. Good Petillius,

Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: Provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already

I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I
find

As deaf as adders to delays. Your clemency
Hath made their murmurs mutinies; nay, rebellions;
Now, an they want but mustard, they're in uproars!
This gave Bonduca time, and strength, and pride,
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.

Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again; and as a pine
Rent from Oeta, by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him; so will I
Steer through these swelling dangers, plow their prides
up,

And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.
They keep the field still?

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a number one would swear they grew:
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,

We shall be killed with killing ; of desperate women,
That neither fear or shame found ; say the men fail,
They 'll poison us with their petticoats ; say they fail,
They 've priests enough to pray us into nothing.

Suet. These are imaginations, dreams of nothing :
The man that doubts or fears——

Dec. I 'm free of both.

Dem. The self-same I.

Pet. And I as free as any ;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent
As if it were my diet.

Suet. Then no doubt
The day must needs be ours. One single valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts me than all Britain. He 's a soldier
So forged out, and so temper'd for great actions,
So fortunate in all, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman : but no more. Petillius,
How stands your charge ?

Pet. Ready for all employments.

Suet. To morrow we'll draw out, and view the
cohorts.

Where 's Junius ?

Pet. In 's cabin, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of Queen Dido.

Suet. 'T will make him fight the nobler. With
what lady ?

Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, crack'd i' th' ring.

Suet. I 'm sorry for him :
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him :
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can unto the soldiers ; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fate of all the kingdom lies before 'em ;
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever banish'd. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us !
[*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

The British Camp. BONDUCA, Daughters, CARATACH, HENGO, NENNIUS, and Soldiers enter.

Bond. The hardy Romans ? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers !
Shame, how they flee ! Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls ? is Britain grown so wanton ?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius ; and a woman,
A woman beat 'em, Nennius.

Car. So it seems ;
A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who's that ?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, d' you grieve my fortunes ?

Car. No, Bonduca;

I grieve, 't is the bearing of your fortunes :
You put too much wind to your sail ; discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror ;
Divided, but a talker. 'T is a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed ;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady ;
But we that have been victors, beat ourselves
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans, ' fearful, fleeing Romans ;'
Does this become a doer ? Are they such ?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest then ?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers ?
The holy Druids now composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory ?
Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a May-game ?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?
Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons,
Let's home and sleep !—Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle, knew a Roman,
And how to speak him.

Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach !

Car. Witness these wounds I do ; they were fairly given !

I love an enemy. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er crown'd a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me :
And are not all these Romans ? Ten struck battles
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman ;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought
through,

And all to try these Romans.

Have not I seen the Britons——

Bond. What ?

Car. Dishearten'd,

Run, run, Bonduca ! not the quick rack swifter :
I've seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run Time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring ; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer !

Car. Yes, Bonduca,

I've seen thee run too ; and thee, Nennius ;
Yea, run apace, both ; then when Penius
(The Roman girl !) cut through your armed carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach ?

Car. I fled too,

But not so fast ; your jewel had been lost then,
 Young Hengo there ; he check'd me, Nennius :
 For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
 Took him, and with my tough belt, to my back
 I buckled him ; behind him, my broad shield ;
 And then I followed. If I say I fought
 Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
 Me speak of this, or ever seen the child more,
 But that the son of Virtue, Penius,
 Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
 My helm still in my hand, he cried out nobly,
 ' Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely,
 ' And let me meet thee once again in arms ;
 ' Then if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine.' I took his
 offer,

And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin,

From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me !
 Yet, let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do ; but so think it, as we may be conquer'd :
 And where we have found virtue, though in those
 That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.

Bond. No more ; I see myself. Th' hast made me,
 cousin,

More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
 And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory :
 Shall we have peace ? for now I love these Romans.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

Bond. Your reason? Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
And with those swords that know no end of battle,
It must not be. No; as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em;
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But for our ends our swords!

Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver.
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Car. They shall:
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle?

Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant
Roman

That calls you knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one?

Car. A hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Car. That is a noble boy! Come, worthy lady,

Let's to our several charges; and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Tent of Penius. PENIUS, REGULUS, and
MACER enter.*

Penius.

I MUST come?

Macer. So the general commands, sir.

Pen. But did he say, I *must* come?

Macer. So delivered.

Pen. How long is 't, Regulus, since I commanded
In Britain here?

Reg. About five years, great Penius.

Pen. The general some five months. Are all my
actions

So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remember'd in no nobler language
But *must* come up?

Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.

Pen. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?
Am I turned bare centurion? I *must*, my language?

CURIUS enters.

Cur. Penius, where lies the host?

Pen. Where fate may find 'em.

Cur. Are they ingirt?

Pen. The battle's lost.

Cur. So soon?

Pen. No; but 't is lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Tell the great general
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches;
Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry. [*Exit.*

Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!

Reg. He's a brave fellow;
And but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour.
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!
Reg. We dare, alas! but cannot fight our parts.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The Roman Camp. PETILLIUS and DEMETRIUS
meeting.*

Pet. How now, Demetrius? Are we drawn?

Dem. 'T is doing;

Your company stands fair. But, pray you, where's Junius?

Half his command are wanting, with some forty That Decius leads.

Pet. Hunting for victuals ;
Upon my life, free-booting rogues ! their stomachs
Are like a miser's purse, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the
enemy
Master of all the country.

Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths.

Dem. They may be hang'd though.

Pet. There's their joyful supper :
And no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,
How does young Junius ?

Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end ?

Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.

Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.

Pet. Oh, a great one.

Fit to command young goslings. But what news ?

Dem. I think the messenger's come back from
Penius

By this time ; let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill accent, or some stile left out ?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare speak treason ;

But that 's all one: I 'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done.

Pet. You 'll pay ?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then, keep thine old use, Penius !

Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I thank thee.

Come, let 's go pray for six hours ; most of us
I fear will trouble Heaven no more. Two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part 's done.

Dem. I do not think of dying.

Pet. 'T is possible we may live ; but, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and
noses,

Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.

Dem. Come, let 's have better thoughts ; mine 's
on your armour.

Pet. Mine 's in your purse, sir : let 't go try the
wager !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp. JUDAS, and his four Companions
enter (halters about their necks) and NENNIUS fol-
lowing.

Nen. Come, hang 'em presently. What made your
rogueships

Prowling for victuals here? are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me, directly,
Would you not willingly be hanged now? Don't ye
long for 't?

Judas. What, say ye? shall we hang in this vein?—

Hang we must,
And 't is as good to dispatch it merrily;
Then pleasantly be 't:
Captain, the truth is, we had as leave hang
With meat in our mouths, as ask your pardon empty.

Nen. These are brave hungers.

What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?

Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

CARATACH enters.

Car. Now, what's the matter?

What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?

Nen. They're Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.

Car. Is that all, Nennius?

Judas. 'Would I were fairly hang'd! This is the
devil,

The kill-cow Caratach.

Car. And you would hang 'em?

Nen. Are they not enemies?

Car. Enemies? flea-traps!
Pluck off your halters, fellows.

Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, Nennius?

Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foes thus? What 's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:
Art thou not hungry?

Judas. Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks

Like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals
And wine, to cheer their hearts!—Hang up poor
pilchers?

Nen. Caratach,

I'll leave you to your will.

Car. I'll answer all, sir.

HENGO enters.

Sit down, poor knaves!—Why, where 's this wine
and victuals?

Who waits there?

Hengo. Who are these, uncle?

Car. They are Romans, boy.

Hengo. Are these they

That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:
Why, I dare fight with these.

Car. That 's my good chicken!—

And how d' ye? how d' ye feel your stomachs?

Judas. Wondrous apt, sir,
As shall appear when time calls. [*Viſuals brought in.*]

Car. That 's well; down with 't!
A little grace will ſerve your turns. Eat ſoftly!
You 'll choke, ye knaves, elſe. Give 'em wine!

Judas. Not yet, ſir;
We 're even a little buſy.

Hengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? Thou fellow!

Judas. Away, boy.
Away! this is no boy's play.

Hengo. By Heaven, uncle,
If valour lie i' th' teeth, he 's the moſt valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear you talk, ſir.

Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What 's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?

Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; theſe are good
ſoldiers.

Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, boy.

More meat, I ſay! Upon my conſcience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month! how terribly
They charge upon their viſuals! Dare ye fight thus?

Judas. Believe it, ſir, like devils.

Car. Well ſaid, Famine!

Here 's to thy general.

Judas. Moſt excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.

Car. And to-morrow night, ſay to him,
His head is mine.

Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.

Car. Well said.

Fill 'em more wine ; give 'em full bowls.—Which of
you all now, *[All drink.]*

In recompense of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle ?

Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompense,
I'll knock thy brains out.

Car. Do it.

Hengo. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd, thou skin of
man !

An only eating rogue ! kill my sweet uncle ?
Oh, that I were a man !

Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I'll do it.

Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

Car. No more, boy ! He shall not.
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows !
Let's see you sweat
To-morrow blood and spirit, boys ; this wine
Turn'd to stern valour.

Judas. *[Rising.]* Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer ; and if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for 't.

Car. Get 'em guides ; their wine
Has over-mastered 'em.

A Servant enters.

Go, guide 'em, and see 'em fairly onward.

Judas. Meaning me, sir?

Serv. The same.

The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to captain Junius;
This for your pains!

Judas. I rest her humble servant;

Commend me to thy lady. Keep your files, boys.

Ser. I must instruct you further.

Judas. Keep your files there!

Order, sweet friends; faces about now.

Serv. Here, sir;

Here lies your way.

Judas. Bless the founders, I say!

Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close, boys!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Roman Camp. SÜETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, and MACER enter.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe? not come, because commanded?
Was it not thus?

Macer. It was, sir.

Suet. Must come so heinous to him, so distasteful?

Macer. Sir,

The regiment was willing, and advanced too,
The captains at all points steel'd up ; when Penius
Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.

Suet. And stopt their resolutions ?

Macer. True.

Suet. Well, Penius,

I cannot think thee coward yet ; and treacherous
I dare not think : th' hast lopt a limb off from me ;
Yet, ere the sun set, thou 'lt too late repent this.
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty ; when that 's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance. No man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starv'd people yet come home ?

Dec. I hope so.

Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience : This is no time
To chide ; I could be angry else, and say more to yo
But come, let 's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.

Pet. We shall be holy all then.

Give me my money.

[To Demetrius.

Dem. I confess 't is due, sir,

nd presently I'll pay it.

[Exeunt.

Manent DECIUS, JUDAS, and his Company enter.

Judas. Captain! captain! I've brought 'em off again;

The drunkenest slaves!

Dec. Plague confound your rogueships!

I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.

For you, sirrah, that are the ringleader

To these devices, whose maw is never cramm'd,

I'll have an engine——

Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain: If you like not us,
Farewell! we have employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been?

Judas. There where you dare not be, with all your
valour.

Dec. Where's that?

Judas. With the best good fellow living;
The king of all good fellows.

Dec. Who's that?

Judas. Caratach.

Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach!
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach! Besides the drink,
captain,

The bravest running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef——

Dec. How scaped ye hanging?

Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;
And I say still, old Caratach!

Dec. Belike, then,
You are turn'd rebels all.

Judas. We're Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day——

Dec. What must you do, sir?

Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do;
But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Judas. Why, kill Caratach.
That's all he asked us for our entertainment.

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Judas. 'Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin I had not promised it!
For such another Caratach——

Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country service?

Judas. I've brought that
To captain Junius——

Dec. How!

Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think so.

Dec. How! to Junius?
I'll more enquire of this. You'll fight now?

Judas. But, hark you, captain! there is wine dis-
tributing;
I would fain know what share I have.

Dec. Begone;
You have too much.

Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting:
There's one called Caratach that has wine.

Dec. You shall have wine, or any thing. Go file ;
Up with your men ; I'll meet you presently ;
And get 'em sober quickly. [Exit.

Judas. Arm, arm, bullies !
All 's right again and straight ; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis !
Be sober and discreet, we 've much to do, boys.
[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Roman Camp. JUNIUS, CURIUS, and DECIUS enter.

Decius.

WE dare not hazard it ; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.

Junius. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour ?
Read but the letter ; you may love too.

Dec. Read it.
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 't is love, we will not fail you ;
Read it good Curius.

Cur. Willingly.

Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. [Reading.] ' Health to thy heart, my honoured
Junius,
' And all thy love requited ! I am thine,

‘Thine everlastingly ; thy love has won me ;
‘For I have purposed a delivery
‘Both of myself and fortune this blessed day
‘Into thy hands, if thou think’st good. To shew thee
‘How infinite my love is, ev’n my mother
‘Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard.
‘Bring with thee, Junius,
‘Spirits resolv’d to fetch me off. Just at the joining
‘Of both the battles, we will be weakly guarded ;
‘And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
‘A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
‘Keep thee, and me to serve thee ! Young Bonvica.
This letter carries much belief.

Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet ?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examin’d ?

Jun. Far more than that ; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Cur. If she mean
What she writes, as it may be probable,
’T will be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I’ll pawn my soul she means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more ;
Then if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We’ll set in with you.

Jun. Nobly done ! I thank ye.
Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!

SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, and MACER
enter.

Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our troops attend, sir.

Suet. I'm glad to hear you say so, Junius;
I hope you 're dispossess'd.

Jun. I hope so too, sir.

Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now!
Go on in full assurance! draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice!
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, where the snow
dwells,

And blows to all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented deserts; wakens
The ruin'd monuments; and there where nothing
But eternal death and sleep is, informs again
The dead bones with your virtues. Fight and conquer!

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March close and sudden, like a tempest. [*March.*]

keep your phalanx,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Druid Temple. Music. Enter in solemnity the Druids singing; then BONDUCA, Daughters, CARATACH, NENNIUS, and others.

SONG.

Hear us, great Rugiuth, hear our prayers!
Defend, defend thy British isle,
Revive our hopes, disperse our fears,
Nor let thy altars be the Roman spoil!
Descend, ye powers divine, descend
In chariots of ethereal flame,
And touch the altars you defend!
Oh, save our nation and our name!
Hear us, ye gods of Britain, hear us this day:
Let us not fall the Roman Eagle's prey!
Clip, clip their wings, or chase them home,
And check the tow'ring pride of Rome!

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers!
 Rise from the dust, ye relicks of the dead,
 Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;
 Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
 Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
 Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!
1st Daugh. Thou, great Tiranus, whom our sacred
 priests,
 Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high

Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home ; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion ; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction ; through their phalanx
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree !

2d Daugh. Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women,
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me !
Now snatch the thunder up, now on these Romans
Revenge thyself ; take to thy killing anger,
An utter rooting from this blessed isle,
Of what Rome is or has been ! Can ye be gods,
And these sins smother'd ?

Car. Cease your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions !
The gods love courage : Hear how I salute 'em :
Divine Andate, thou who holdst the reins
Of furious battles, and disordered war,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides ; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing ;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she ! And who does best,
Reward with honour ; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy !
Grant this, divine Andate ! 't is but justice :
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [A flame arises.]

Bond. It flames out.

[*Music.*

Car. Now sing, ye Druids.

DUET.

To arms, to arms! your ensigns strait display:

Now, now, now, set the battle in array.

The oracle for war declares;

Success depends upon our hearts and spears.

CHORUS.

Britons, strike home! Re-venge your country's wrongs:

Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Champaign Country. CARATACH and NENNIUS enter.
A march.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd; from yon' hill's
brow

You may behold him, Caratach.

Car. Let 's thither.

[*Drums within at one place afar off.*

Suetonius is a Soldier. See how bravely

The body moves, and in the head how proudly

The captains stick like plumes; he comes apace on.

Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant

Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,

And as he charges, open to inclose 'em;

The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,

To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard!
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by 't.
Haste thee, good Nennius! I hear our music,

[Exit Nennius. Drums in another place afar off.
And must attend it. Hold, good sword, but this day,
And bite hard where I hound thee! and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests.

[Exit.

Alarms. The two Daughters, with JUNIUS, CURIUS,
DECIUS, Soldiers, and Servants enter.

2d Daugh. Bring 'em in;
Tie 'em, and then unarm them.

1st Daugh. Valiant Romans,
Ye 're welcome to your loves!

2d Daugh. Your death, fools!

Dec. We deserve 'em;
And, women, do your worst!

CARATACH enters.

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies? Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks you taken.—Sure these faces
I have beheld and known; they 're Roman leaders!
How came they here?

2d Daugh. A trick, sir, that we used;
A certain policy conducted 'em
Unto our snare.

Car. Taken by treachery?
Catch'd up by craft?

2d Daugh. By any means that's lawful.

Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs? Out!
Out, out, ye follies! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely?—Arm again, gentlemen!
Soldiers, I charge you help 'em.

2d Daugh. By Heaven, uncle,
We will have vengeance!

Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves,
Shall feel mine anger! One great day given us,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers?
Give them their swords,

2d Daugh. Oh, gods!

Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother!—Learn to spin, [*Exe. Daughters.*
And curse your knotted hemp!—Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser:
There thank me like tall soldiers; I shall seek ye.

[*Exit.*

Cur. A noble worth!

Dec. Well, Junius?

Jun. Pray ye, no more!

Cur. He blushes; do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now?

Jun. Puff! there it flies. Come, let's redeem our
follies.

But see there, Curius, see, [*Drums loud again.*

See that huge battle moving from the mountains !
 Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
 Like a rough tumbling storm ; say they fail, look,
 Look where the armed carts stand ; a new army !
 Look how they hang like falling rocks ! As murdering
 Death rides in triumph, Curius, fell destruction
 Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
 His many thousand ways to let out souls.
 Let us to where they charge, and where the mountains
 Melt under their hot wheels, and from their axle-trees
 Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em !
 Come on ! charge ! follow me ! [Exeunt. Alarm.

SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, and MACER
enter.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought !
 Honour, till now, ne'er shew'd her golden face
 I' th' field : Like lions, gentlemen, you 've held
 Your heads up this day. Where 's young Junius,
 Curius, and Decius !

Pet. Gone to Heaven, I think, sir.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em ! Breathe a while.
 How do ye ?

Pet. Well ; some few scurvy wounds ; my heart's
 whole yet.

JUNIUS, DECIUS, and CURIUS *enter.*

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line sure ! The
 queen's battle
 Begins to charge like wild-fire. Where 's the general ?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come, my brave soldiers,

Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best;

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time. We'll grow to 't.
Is not this better now than lousy loving?

Jun. I am myself, Petillius.

Pet. 'Tis I love thee.

Suet. Away, then!

And stand this shock, ye've stood the world. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. BONDUCA, Daughters, and Britons enter.

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, Britons? Back, ye cowards!

Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children

CARATACH and HENGO enter.

To Roman rape again, and fury?

Car. Charge 'em i' th' flank!—Oh, you have play'd the fool,

The woman fool! Why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people,
In gross before the enemy? We pay for 't;
Our own swords cut our throats! Get thee gone,
woman!

Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's lost!

[*Loud shout within.*]

Hark, how the Romans ring our knells!

Bond. Nay, cousin !

Car. Woman, away ! Shame tread upon thy heels !

[*Exeunt Bond. &c.*]

Hengo. Good uncle,

Let me go too.

Car. No, boy ; thy fortune's mine ;

I must not leave thee. Get behind me ; shake not !

Thou might'st have been the heir to Britain's crown.

Oh, woman ! oh, Bonduca ! what fell curses

This day belong to thy improvidence !

To Britain, by thy means what sad millions

Of widows' weeping eyes ! The strong man's valour

Thou hast betray'd to fury, the child's fortune

To fear, and want of friends ; whose pieties

Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows

A house of rest by his bless'd ancestors :

The land th' hast left a wilderness of wretches.—

We must be gone, my boy ; but Heaven knows where ;

For Britain now submits to Roman powers,

And nothing but our lengths of earth are ours. [*Exe.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Roman Camp. PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS,
and DEMETRIUS enter.

Petillius.

OH, my vex'd thief, art thou come home again ?

Are thy brains perfect ?

E ij

Jun. Sound as bells,
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——

Pet. Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his
quiver!

When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of wine,
A mistress for a king!

Jun. I am counsel'd;
The war shall be my mistress now.

Pet. Well chosen!

For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night,
boy,

And break thy pate i' th' morning. She'll hold
grappling,

And he that lays on best is her best servant;

All other loves are mere trim laziness.

Here comes the general.

SUETONIUS, CURIUS, and MACER enter.

Suet. I'm glad I've found ye.

Haste, good Petillius, haste to Penius:

I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace

He's pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin;

I would not lose him for all Britain.

Give him, Petillius, all the noblest counsel,

His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour;

And tell the soldiers, 't was on our command

He drew not to the battle.

Pet. I conceive, sir,

And will do that shall cure all.

Suet. Bring him with you

Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him :
Make haste !

Pet. The best I may. [Exit.

Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies ! we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
'Till she be seiz'd ; without her, nothing won.

SCENE II.

*The Tent of Penius. PENIUS, DRUSIUS, and
PETILLIUS enter.*

Pen. Pray ye forsake me ;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours !

Pet. Sure his mind's dangerous.

Drus. The good gods cure it !

Pen. My honour got through fire, through stub-
born breaches,
Through death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen !
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me ;
Cut out the coward from my heart !

Pet. You are none.

Pen. He lies that says so ! by Heaven, he lies, lies
basely,
Baser than I have done ! Come, justice, seek me ;
I've broke my fair obedience ! last, shame take me,
Shame, endless shame ! And pray do you forsake me !
Drus. What shall we do ?

Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me !
See me, and understand me : This is he,
The gallant Penius that forsook the battle ;
This is the brave wise Penius ; this is he
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off : that soldier,
That being courted by loud fame and fortune,
Yet durst doubt and be damn'd !

Pet. It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest

May be wash'd white again. The general——

Pen. He's a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving ; but examples
That nourish disobedience in whole armies,
Must not be play'd withal ;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would you do ?

Pen. Die.

Pet. *Fy, great captain ! you*
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason ? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your ho-
nour——

Pen. Pr'ythee no more ; 't is foolish. Good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'T was my commission.

Pen. Farewell, captain !

Be a good man, and fight well ; be obedient ;
Command thyself, and then thy men.

Pet. Brave captain,
The great and honour'd Penius !

Pen. That again !
Oh, how it heightens me ! again, *Petillius* !

Pet. Most excellent commander !

Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine !

Pet. They are still.

Pen. Then, to keep 'em
From ever falling more, have at ye ! Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I 'm yours ! [*Stabs himself.*
Carry my last words

To the great general : Kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself ; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Penius,
Made more, and happier, light on him ! I faint,
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.
I die : Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth ! [*Dies.*

Pet. Farewell, great Penius ! [*Noise within.*

REGULUS, *with Soldiers enter.*

Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers—

Pet. Oh, let 'em in ; all 's done, all 's ended, Re-
gulus ;

Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries ; come sadly !
Who shall now lead you fortunate ? coy'd and courted

By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
 Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?
 Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
 And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
 The sun that warms your bloods is set for ever.—
 I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Penius,
 Thou thunder-bolt, farewell!—Take up the body;
 To-morrow, mourning, to the camp convey it,
 There to receive due ceremonies. That eye
 That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

[Exeunt with a dead march.]

SCENE III.

An Open Country. CARATACH and HENGO enter.

Car. How does my boy?

Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
 I do not fear.

Car. My good boy!

Hengo. I know, uncle,
 We must all die: my little brother died,
 I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure
 There's no great pain in 't, uncle. But pray tell me
 Whither must we go when we're dead?

Car. Why, to the blessed'st place, boy—Ever-
 sweetness

And happiness dwell there.

Hengo. Will you come to me?

Car. Yes, my sweet boy,

Hengo. No Romans, uncle?

Car. No, boy.

Hengo. I should be loth to meet them there.

Car. No ill men,

That live by violence and strong oppression,
Come thither; 't is for those the gods love good men.

Hengo. Why, then I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, uncle, nor transgress'd my parents;
I always said my prayers.

Car. That's my good boy!
Art thou not weary, Hengo?

Hengo. Weary, uncle?
I've heard you say you've march'd all day in armour.

Car. I have, boy. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs? They were made to
bear me.

I can play twenty miles a-day; I see no reason,
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.

Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength!

Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip those proud thieves from our kingdom.—

Hark,

[Drums.

Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

JUDAS and his People enter to the door.

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they 're here. Who dare charge?

1st Sold. He
That dares be knock'd o' th' head: I'll not come
near him.

Judas. Retire again, and watch then. How he
stares!

H' has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy!
The devil dwells in 's scabbard. Back, I say!
Apace, apace! he's found us. *[They retire.]*

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starv'd
rascal,

The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets:
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him!

Car. Do ye make us foxes?

Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy!
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.

Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! *[Exit.]*

Hengo. Now he pays 'em:

Oh, that I had man's stength!

JUDAS, &c. enter.

Judas. Here 's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.

Hengo. Uncle, uncle!

Famine is fallen upon me, uncle.

Judas. Come, sir,

Yield willingly (your uncle's out of hearing),

I'll tickle your young tail else.

Hengo. I defy thee,

Thou mock-made man of mat! Charge home, sirrah!

Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st!

Judas. Upon my conscience,

The boy will beat me!—Yield, or I cut thy head off.

Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger: here 'tis;
touch it.

Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler!—Pr'y-
thee yield, boy;

Come, here 's an apple, yield.

Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me!

I'll give you sharper language: When, ye coward,

When come ye up? I've twenty ways to charge thee.

Judas. Sure 'tis the devil, a dwarf devil in a doublet!

Two Soldiers enter running.

1st Sold. Flee, flee! he kills us.

2d Sold. He comes, he comes!

Judas. The devil take the hindmost!

[*Exeunt Judas, &c.*]

Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye
rank rogues!

A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes! that 's he, boys!

What a brave cry they make!

CARATACH enters with a Roman's sword.

Car. How does my chicken?

Hengo. 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I've out-brav'd Hunger.

Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman sword for thee.

Hengo. Good provision!
Before I starve, my sharp-edg'd blade of Rome,
I'll try your metal.

Car. A right complete soldier!
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of rest;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.

Hengo. Any thing;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come, cheerfully.

Hengo. And boldly! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood. CARATACH; HENGO *by him, sleeping.*

Caratach.

THUS we afflicted Britons fly for safeties,
And to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows.

The boy begins to stir ; thy safety made,
'Would my soul were in Heaven !

Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out ! I dream'd we were betray'd.

Car. No harm, boy. [*A soft dead march within.*

Hengo. What are those.
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there ?
They come upon us stealing by.

Car. I see 'em ;
And pr'ythee be not fearful.

Hengo. Now you hate me :
'Would I were dead !

Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.

Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle? Were I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

DRUSIUS, REGULUS, and Soldiers enter, with PE-
NIUS's bearse ; drum and colours.

Car. My sweet chicken !——

See, they approach us ; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body ; by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities, it well appears too
To be of eminence. We are, perhaps, unknown,
And may enquire.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if you meant to woo the world and nature
To be in love with death ?

Sold. It is the body

Of the great captain Penius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.

Car. Penius, that generous foe? Oh, stay, ye Romans!
The name of Penius is most dear to me,
To me his memory for ever sacred.
Stay, I conjure you, for a moment stay!
By the religion which ye owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories!

Drus. Stay.—

What's thy will, Briton?

Car. But set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans;
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy, that loves a soldier)
And lend a tear to virtue! Ev'n your foes,
Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometimes stubborn, yet when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Th, set it down!

Drus. Set down the body, soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond
Cut with thine own dust; thou for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd ashes! Though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths, sleep peaceably!
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms adieu! All noble battles,

Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy father.

Hengo. He died 'fore I was born.

Car. This worthy Roman

Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy. Excellent
nature!

See how it works into his eyes! mine own boy!

Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their
fortunes,

Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness—

Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me; weep still, my child,
As if thou saw'st me dead! with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleasest me.

And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,

Bear off the noble burden;

And ever-lov'd, ever-living be

Thy honour'd and most sacred memory!

[*Exeunt. A dead march.*]

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Hengo. Are they all gone?

I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,

And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day

Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

Hengo. Pray, fear not me ;

Indeed I 'm very hearty.

Car. Be so still ;

His mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Queen's Fort. SÜTONIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS,
DEMETRIUS, CURIUS, and Soldiers enter: BON-
DUCA, two Daughters, and NENNIUS above.
Drum and colours.

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall ;
We will not be out-braved thus.

Jun. See, sir.

See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes !

Dec. Yield, queen.

Bon. I'm unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Bring up your catapults, and shake the earth,
You cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death.

Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy ;
You cannot 'scape our strength ; you must yield, lady ;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.

Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her ?
She 's vicious ; and 't is fitter I should reverence

The thatched houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth ; where the bless'd household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.

Suet. Beat the wall deeper !

Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.

2d Daugh. Oh, mother, these are fearful hours ;
speak gently

To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.

Bond. Pity ! thou fearful girl ! Wouldst thou live
less ?

Wast not thou born a princess ?

The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
And ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Shew such another fear, and, by the gods,
I'll fling thee to their fury.

Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield !

Bond. I scorn to answer :
Speak to him, girl ; and, weak one, hear thy sister.

1st Daugh. General,

Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me ;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits :
The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest ? swell you triumph ?
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to 'scape ye,
To make ye curse our patience.
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune ;
In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work

A pitch above ye ; and from our height we'll stoop
As if we prey'd on heartless doves.

Suet. Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit Decius.*]

Bond. Charge it home, Roman !——
Bring up the swords, and poison.

One with Swords and a great Cup enters.

Behold us, Romans !

Suet. Mercy yet.

Yield, and be a queen still, a mother, and a friend.

2d Daugh. Mercy, mother !

Bond. Oh, gods ! fear in my family ?

Take it, and nobly.

1st Daugh. Take it, worthy sister ;

'T is nothing ; 't is a pleasure : We'll go with you.

2d Daugh. Oh, if I knew but whither !

1st Daugh. To the blessed.

2d Daugh. That steels me ;

A long farewell to this world ! [*Takes the cup.*]

1st Daugh. The next is mine. Would ye learn

How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off

This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever ?

Live as we have done, well, and fear the gods ;

So shall ye learn the noblest part to die.

Bond. Spoke like my daughter !—Here, ye wretched
Romans,

Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake !

Suet. Make up your own conditions.

Stay ! Be any thing.

Bond. A saint, Suetonius,

When thou shalt fear, and die a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have tied up death first, when ye conquer'd;
Ye toil for us in vain else: See him here;
He's ours still, and our friend.—I feel the poison.

[*Drinks.*

Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye;
Nay, I will give ye counsel ere I die:
If you will keep you laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton's soul. [*Scene closes.*

Suet. Desperate and strange!

Are those come in yet, that pursued bold Caratach?

Dem. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge
him.

Suet. Draw out three companies,

Yours, Curius, Junius, and thou, Demetrius,
And make up instantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before you: we shall follow.

DECIUS enters.

Well, Decius?

Decius. The fort is won, the Britons
Taken or put to the sword, the Queen Bonduca,
And both her daughters, self-destroy'd by poison.

Suet. Hapless Bonduca! give her fair funeral;
For she was truly noble, and a queen. [*Flourish. Exe.*

SCENE III.

Open Country. MACER and PETILLIUS meeting.

Pet. How now, Macer?
Is Judas yet come in?

JUDAS enters.

Macer. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.

Pet. What news?

Judas. I've lodg'd him; rouse him, he that dares!

Pet. Where, Judas?

Judas. On a steep rock i'th' woods; the boy too
with him;

And there he swears he'll keep his Christmas, gentlemen,

But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;
Yet I think we fought bravely: For mine own part,
I was four several times at half-sword with him;
He's a mere devil, and no man. I'th'end, he swing'd us,
And swing'd us soundly too: He fights by witchcraft;
Yet for all that I saw him lodg'd.

Pet. Take more men,
And scout him round. *Macer,* march you along.
What victuals has he?

Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water.
They lie just like a brace of bear-whelps, close and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.

Pet. Cut off then
All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.
But use no foul play, on your lives! that man
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.

Macer. He shall have fair play; he deserves it.

Judas. Hark, ye!

What should I do there then? You are brave captains,
Most valiant men: Go up yourselves; use virtue;
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down and be taken. Ye all know him;
I think ye 've felt him too: There ye shall find him,
His sword by 's side, plumbs of a pound weight by him,
Will make your chaps ache: You 'll find it a more
labour

To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.

Pet. Away, and compass him, we shall come up,
I'm sure within these two hours. Watch him close.

Macer. He shall flee through the air, if he escape us.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

*Changes, and discovers CARATACH and HENGO on a
rock.*

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou
feed'st on!—

No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou 'rt sick, ex-
tremely sick,

Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble 'scape. I'll forage for thee,
And 'gainst thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' th' purchase. Good gods comfort
thee! [Disappears.]

MACER and JUDAS enter, *with meat and a bottle.*

Macer. Hang it o' th' side o' th' rock, as though
the Britons

Stole hither to relieve him : Who first ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger. Hal no ; 't is not he.

Macer. 'T is but the shaking of the boughs.

Judas. Pox shake 'em !

I'm sure they shake me soundly.—There !

Macer. 'T is nothing.

Judas. Make no noise ; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones falls upon 's. 'T is done ! away, close !

[*Exeunt.*

CARATACH *re-enters to HENGO on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy ! I have found meat.

Hengo. Oh, uncle,

My head swims, uncle ! methinks the rock goes round.

Car. 'T is but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies ;
Thou shalt have meat anon. Look, look, my Hengo,
Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink : cheer up, boy ;
Do not forsake me now !

Hengo. Uncle, I'm heart-whole, and would live.

Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle !

MACER and JUDAS enter, *below.*

Do not you hear the noise of bells ?

Car. Of bells, boy? 'T is thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind.

Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state. Oh, unc'è,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To save your noble life. Nay, weep not, uncle,
Mine own sweet uncle! you will kill me sooner.

Car. Oh, my poor chicken!

Hengo. Fy, faint-hearted uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle!
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire: pray, tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come,
child,
My valiant child!

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train: and you must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry——

Car. Go, i' th' name of Heaven, boy!

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it.—Oh!

[*Judas shoots Hengo with an arrow.*]

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!

Car. I see you, [Car. kills Judas with a stone.
And Heaven direct my hand! Destruction
Go with thy coward soul!—How dost thou, boy?—
[Draws him up.

Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard ; I faint too ; out upon 't,
How sick I am !—The lean rogue, uncle !

Car. Look, boy ;
I've laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have you knock'd his brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more. Cheer up, child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard, still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heaven look upon this noble child !

Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans,
To have beaten 'em. Oh, hold me hard! But, uncle—

Car. Thou shalt live still I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?

Hengo. You draw away my soul then ; I would live
A little longer, (spare me, Heavens!) but only
To thank you for your tender love ! Good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not !

Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose !

Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this 'scap'd me,
Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy——

Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you
When you come, uncle?

Car. Yes, boy,

Hengo. And I hope

We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Car. Most certain, child,

Hengo. I grow cold ;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up !

Hengo. Pray for me ;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew ! Mercy !

Car. Mercy !
You blessed angels, take him !

Hengo. Kiss me ! so.

Farewell, farewell !

[*Dies.*

Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain !
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever !—Time and Death,
Ye've done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Look what th' hast brought this land to. Oh, fair
flower,

How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
Ev'n Death embraces thee ! The peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee !

PETILLIUS and JUNIUS enter on the rock.

Ha ! dare ye, Romans ? Ye shall win me bravely.
Come, come up all, with all your ancient valours ;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send
'em——

SUETONIUS, and all the Roman Captains, enter.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach ! By all the gods,
As I am a soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is ! Had this boy
liv'd——

Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend ! For Fame's sake, for thy sword's sake !
By all that 's excellent in man, and honest——

Car. I do believe. Ye've had me a brave foe ;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness,
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in !

Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.

Car. I yield then ;
Not to your blows, but this last courtesy.

Pet. Thus we conduct then to the arms of Peace
The wonder of the world ! [*They bring him down.*

Suet. Thus I embrace thee ; [*Flourish.*
And let it be no flatt'ry that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier !

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome !

Suet. You must.

Car. Then Rome shall know
The firmness of a Briton's soul ; shall know
Britons can brave the chance of war : If Fortune
Smile on their arms, they spare the vanquish'd foe ;
Vanquished themselves, in naked majesty,
Like their own knotted oak by thunder blasted,
Nobly they stand the tempest of their fate.
Now, Roman, I am thine. Set on ! I follow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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